









## Flint's Fine Furniture.

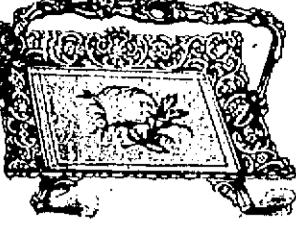


\$2.99

Four-fold Japau screen, ebony and gold inlay, for  
\$2.99.

IN DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.  
Let nothing "screen" this bargain  
from your eyes on your shopping list.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



JUNE WEDDINGS

At a hand and *gutte aujou*, is this  
intricate Plate Silver Cake Basket, \$10.  
\$3.00.

Warranted 2 years. Beautiful line  
of Silver articles for presents. We  
keep all the best standard gold, at a  
lower price than elsewhere. "Likes  
the cake at \$3.00."

AT FLINT'S, Broad &amp; Eddy Sts.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



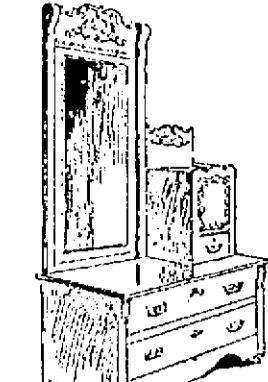
THEY ALL HAVE WHEELS.

Huge long book and girls' pto date." Boys'  
Velocipede and Girls' Tricycles, at Flint's,  
for \$1.50 up. Good, strong, durable wheels.

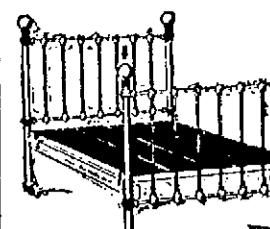
\$4.00.

With the popular Cheval Dresser, marble,  
artistic and convenient—large French Metal  
Plate Mirror, combining in one piece a Jewelry  
dresser and a Cheval mirror, at a low price,  
\$4.00.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.

THIS SOLID OAK CHAMBER SET  
\$4.00.With the popular Cheval Dresser, marble,  
artistic and convenient—large French Metal  
Plate Mirror, combining in one piece a Jewelry  
dresser and a Cheval mirror, at a low price,  
\$4.00.

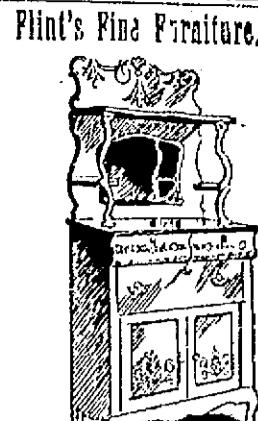
## Flint's Fine Furniture.

THIS \$9.00  
BRASS TRIMMED,  
WHITE ENAMEL,  
METALLIC BEDSTEADMultiple Wire Spring, Soft Top Mat-  
tress, COMPLETE, \$9.00. All sizes  
exactly represented above.

AT FLINT'S,

BROAD AND  
EDDY STS.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.

Solid Oak, \$10  
AS ABOVE.The "Governor Bradford" chair reproduced;  
one of those old fashioned chairs that add  
so much to an apartment, representing the  
purity of the Cromwell reign in England.

OAK SIDEBOARD \$20.

This positively cannot be duplicated  
or beaten in quality or price in Providence.  
We have the finest modern and  
low-priced Oak Sideboards in the mar-  
ket. \$20.00—INVESTIGATE—\$20.00

## THE WEEK'S NEWS

Saturday, June 8.

Attorney General Olney appointed secretary of state and Judge Judson Harmon of Cincinnati attorney general—Appeal made to the Olneyville strikers by the strikers' committee—Big ice combination incorporated in Maine—President received an official communication from China thanking him and the United States for their friendly offices for peace—Joseph Choate's fee in the income tax case \$15,000—Idiot's slave of the naval militia appropriated by Massachusetts—Chairman Harrity will call no meeting of the National Democratic committee now—Treasury officials believe the June deficit will be small—Crank arrested in Belmont said he was on his way to see the queen—Germans subdued rebellious natives in the Cameroons after severe fighting—Official inquiry into the Goliad disaster began at San Francisco—Mer. Sartori to be made a cardinal—Gien, Berlin, Russia and Franco will threaten Turkey—Detroit garbage scow and her tug captured by a Canadian cruiser—Spain to demand indemnity from United States at close of the Cuban insurrection—Rumor of filibustering expedition to Cuba confirmed—Whitney monument at Hayneville dedicated—General Alfaro proclaimed provisional president of Ecuador—Dan Dalton, wanted in Providence for murder, arrested at Atlanta—A \$80,000 fire occurred at Middletown, Conn.—Lynn liquor dealers ordered to remove the screens from their windows—True bill for manslaughter returned against Charles S. Witherell of Malden—Ex-Tax Collector Sanford of Concord, Mass., indicted for embezzlement—Metuchen carnival at Blodford—Fire loss of \$150,000 at Appleton, Wis.—Debs says he will take a telegrapher to jail with him—The Missouri river is running very high in Nebraska—Hickox Golden, the actor, took the poor debtor's oath at Boston—Free silver will divide southern Democracy, it is said—Most ancient Greek ruins found in Etruria—Police Commissioner Roosevelt reprimanded six New York patrolmen whom he caught napping—M. Andre, the aeronaut, will soon go to Paris to superintend the making of his Arctic balloon—A man giving his name as Thomas Ladd has been swindling Hartford people by means of forged orders, and he is believed to be a New York crook—John Rau of Lawrence was struck by a bolt of hay and seriously injured.

Sunday, June 9.

A Key West filibustering expedition landed safely in Cuba—Albert Hartshorn of Boston wanted by the police for the alleged abduction of Grace Wyant—Guaranteed money for the Corbett-Bitzhmanns flight at Dallas posted—John H. White wheeled from Fall River to Providence and return in 22½ hours—Amesbury, Mass., visited over a high school scandal—Charles R. Huntington won the lawn tennis championship at Brown—British nobility have a narrow margin with which to carry measures through remaining sessions of parliament—New Turkish cabinet being formed—Captain Hart, the yachtsman, had a cancer removed.

Monday, June 10.

Fremont's Memorial day was observed in Massachusetts—Fire in a crowded church at Bangor caused a panic—J. K. Emmett, the actor, attempted to kill his wife and himself, but failed—Senator Gorman won a big victory in the Maryland primaries—Strange disappearance of a boy at Leavenworth, Mo.—Soldier of regular army to ride from New York to Chicago on a bicycle—Interesting developments concerning the history of the Corliss company promised—Steam yacht Gitana now believed to have founded and all hands lost—Silk mill at Florence, Mass., burned. Loss, \$15,000—Four men suffocated in the Alpine tunnel near St. Elmo, Colo.—Monopoly and Mexican Gulf railway transferred to a Belgian syndicate—Administration Democrats placed at the plan to nominate Campbell in Ohio—French Derby won by Edmund Blame's filly Andre, an outsider—Case of Miss Dodge takes a turn for the worse—Two children and a man injured by a runaway accident at Groveland, Mass.—Death of Captain Bradford B. Briggs at Sandwich, Mass.—An avalanche in the Alps threw 15 French soldiers upon Italian territory—Troops to maintain order at the opening of the Italian parliament—Police charge a mob in the streets of Vienna—All persons connected with foreign missions at Cheng-Tun, China, massacred—European delegates refused to act with Turkish members of the Armenian commission—Revenue officers seized a "hop" beer brewery at Rockport, Mass.—Harvardians called out to fight a brush fire that menaced Red Top—Olneyville, R. I., strikers held a mass meeting and voted not to return to work.

Tuesday, June 11.

Henry Ledtke, a German laborer at Osterville, Mass., shot and killed 18-year-old Lizzie Coleman and then committed suicide. Jealousy the cause—Kentucky found money Democrats confident of carrying their state convention—A national association of infringing telephone companies—Boat containing cash notes and bonds amounting to \$50,000 stolen from a store at Lowell, Me.—Strike of the weavers at the Central mills in Southbridge, Mass., settled—Policy of France in the East and the acceptance of the Kiel invitation caused a little debate in the chamber of deputies.

Wednesday, June 12.

Foley, Sullivan and Nagle convicted at Lowell of murder in the second degree—Nine members of Malden police force removed by the mayor—Civil service rules to be extended to the government printing office—Alban Thomas appointed United States minister to Venezuela—Memphis silver convention resolved for 16 to 1 and provided for a national committee—Death of Senator Manuel Ruiz Zorrilla, the famous Spanish politician—Mike Murray, a noted New York gambler, dropped dead—Russia advises China to construct a line of telegraph in the chamber of deputies in a German mine—William R. Cistic appointed Hawaiian minister to United States—The Britannia lost at the Asia by \$8 seconds in a regatta off Dover, Eng.—Boat will write a baseball play for Anton of the Chicago club—Massachusetts state treasurer to pay out nearly \$2,000 in war bounty money—

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## Poetry.

## Song of Summer Time.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the shifting thro' the trees,  
And the voices that come upon the breeze;  
Oh, the singing and the winging of the birds that come and go;  
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro;  
Oh, the gay, gay carpets and the waters dark and cool,  
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unpolluted pool;  
Oh, the filling of the water, from the fountain and the grass,  
And the gleaning of the sunlight on the water's uppers.

Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the water's glass,  
And the singing of the thrushes and the other song-birds;  
Oh, the boating and the boating on the waters of the lake;  
And the gleaning of the shadows that go dark,  
Oh, the sunny days of pleasure and the pleasant nights to dream,  
When the stars look down and twinkle and the winds faintly blow;  
Oh, the songsters' nest and slugs;  
And the pleasure without measure  
That the woods and waters bring!

## Selected Tale.

PAUL DE MARCEAU.

A TRUE STORY.

In a well-known town of Connecticut there was, some years ago, an institution generally advertised as "Miss Blank's Select Seminary for Young Ladies."

Among the boarders entered for a certain school year was one whom we shall call Frances Ray, a girl possessed of more than the ordinary amount of good looks and common sense, and gifted with a rare charm of manner. She was Miss Blank's favorite pupil, had not Miss Blank known her from her earliest infancy, when the little motherless baby had been brought to her aunt, Mrs. James Barber, of Gramercy Park, New York, and was not Miss Blank that aunt's "very dearest friend?" Yes, Frances Ray was undoubtedly clever; no girl in her class could equal her in science, in mathematics, or even in history. Yet there was one thing in which she was a complete failure—namely, French.

Hour after hour she would sit poring over a grammar or a copy book, hopelessly at sea as to number, gender or conjugation, when even that chosen verb for all beginners—the verb *aimer*—was to her mind but her confused mind, in which terminations and the "three persons" of both singular and plural fought for supremacy.

Towards the end of the first term, the French professor, M. Lomaitre, died of heart failure, and Frances Ray wept bitter tears at the loss of her helper and sympathizer.

And when Frances Ray wept she was beautiful Strango as this may seem to a girl who looks their worst in the light of their wins, that fact remains that to Frances Ray grief was becoming.

Then it was that Miss Blank, almost in despair at such disarrangement of her classes, answered M. de Marceau's advertisement, and called upon him.

The interview was most satisfactory, and M. de Marceau's extreme youth being the only objection, he, after promising the utmost discretion, was duly engaged, and a week later he entered the school.

From the first the girls adored him. They admired his eyes, his hair and the tiny "Van Dyke" he wore; they raved over his perfect accent and his courteous manners; all save Frances Ray; she alone disliked him.

M. de Marceau was, in the main, true to his promise. Never by look or word did he show the slightest partiality, except in the severity and marked coldness with which he treated Frances Ray. Day after day the girl came to the French class with a dozen others, and sat there, unable to recite or to read before the unquailing eye of the professor she detested.

At length, towards the end of the year, unwilling to bear the disgrace of not being standing in this one study, Frances Ray implored Miss Blank, with a burst of tears, to allow her to discontinue her lessons in French. And Miss Blank, touched by her favorite's grief, drew the lovely head to her, and, kissing the tear-stained face, granted her request.

From that day until the close of school Frances Ray was a changed girl. She no longer looked forward with trepidation to the dreaded hour of verbs and fables, in a tongue she could not master.

She laughed and chatted gayly with her comrades, and sang sweet songs of love and sunshine, with no gloom of unlearned idioms and exceptions overshadowing her.

In the midst of examinations and packing, a great excitement occurred. Miss Blank was going abroad for the summer, and had decided to take six of her girls for a three months tour of the Continent—and six only.

Frances Ray was one of the first who wanted to go, but, when not less than twenty girls begged to be allowed to join the party, Miss Blank, in despair, appealed to M. de Marceau.

"Which of these young ladies are the six most capable of profiting by the voyage, with regard to their studies?" she asked him; and M. de Marceau made a selection.

"But Miss Ray! My dear Frances—surely we will learn her French in Europe!" Miss Blank exclaimed, for Frances Ray was not one of the chosen six.

"Lord! mademoiselle! Miss Ray, who cannot learn to live of 20 rules will come, could she not speak wiz wiz gain?" answered the Frenchman, with a shrug.

And Frances Ray, bitterly disappointed, flashed an indignant glance at her tormentor, and left the room.

The night before the sailing of the steamer La Bretagne, on which accommodations for the party had been secured, Miss Blank passed with Mrs. Barber, Frances Ray's aunt.

In the afternoon, during a last conversation with M. de Marceau, Miss Blank had partially promised to attend that evening a debate on "The Literature of Our Times," which was to be held at Delmonico's, where M. de Marceau and several of his literary friends were expected to speak.

Now, Miss Blank was decidedly interested both in the debate and in the young Frenchman himself, but how could she attend such a meeting alone?

Frances Ray, world she not come alone? M. de Marceau questioned; she would not understand, but Miss Blank could not come.

Frances demurred at first. "I hate that man so!" she exclaimed; "I can't bear to be near him."

Then, as a little sigh of regret escaped Miss Blank, the girl turned quickly, and, flinging her arms around her teacher's neck, declared that they would go.

Accordingly that evening found them listening to various able speakers, and it occurred to Frances Ray that she understood far more of the French than she had expected to understand.

M. de Marceau and his friend, M. Charbonier, saw the ladies home; at least M. de Marceau walked to the car with Miss Blank and his friend with Francois Ray.

The car was crowded, and Miss Blank found some difficulty, even with M. Charbonier's assistance, in forcing her way inside. And not until they were several blocks nearer home did they discover that the others of their party were not in the car.

Frances Ray had been standing on the first step of the street car waiting for a chance to follow Miss Blank, when suddenly a hand caught her arm and pulled her backwards, and in another moment the car sped quickly down town, leaving her alone with the man she dreaded and loathed, who whispered hoarsely:

"You shall not go, Miss Ray, until I have told you that I am you—yes, even I" seeing her shrink from him as he bent towards her better to see her face in the lamp light. "Why did I treat you so cruelly, and make you hate me, when I was, all at time, longing to take you in my arms—so kiss away, so tears my sternness had brought to you dear eyes? Why? Because I had promised Miss Blank on my honor that to not one of her pupils would I breathe a word of her. But now I am free, free tomorrow! I leave for France for my home. Give me but one little word of hope, and soon I will come back for you, my cherie, mon amour! Frances, my little reine, tell me not you luf me. Ah! come me l'adore!

Half after eleven had climbed from the great oak linepleen in Mr. Barber's library, when, as if in answer to her uncle's vows of vengeance, and to the tears of both her teacher and her aunt, the door opened to admit Frances Ray, pale trembling and tearful. Under a hand of secrecy she told them all that had passed, imploring her uncle to let the master rest, as M. de Marceau would leave America the next morning, probably never to return; then she denounced him as the most detestable of men.

As she stood for a moment on the gangplank next morning, after bidding Miss Blank goodbye, Frances Ray selected two red rosebuds from a bunch she wore and threw them, with a pretty gesture, at her teacher's feet. Scarce had they touched the deck when Paul de Marceau, stepping quickly forward, took them gently—aye, tenderly—and with infinite grace, presented one sweet token to Miss Blank; the other he pressed to his lips, unheeding the crowd who saw him do it, and murmured in Miss Blank's all-sympathizing ear: "Forgi me! I luf her, and—and I must go!"

Before La Bretagne had reached Havre, Miss Blank knew of M. de Marceau's love for Frances Ray, and the story of his life.

"I am in France a man of arts and letters; a statesman," he told her. "I am rich, very rich; but a quarrel with my father—a political quarrel—sent me to America. Now, all is well, and you will see how I am received."

And surely enough, on the evening of landing, as they dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor, a tender, gay with flags, illuminated with many colored lights, and alive with people who cheered lustily to the accompaniment of the "Marseillaise," which sounded from on deck, steamed up alongside of the great ship, while a shout arose from a hundred voices of: "De Marceau! De Marceau! De Marceau!"

Then, as the young statesman appeared, bareheaded before them, smiling and bowing his thanks for this reception, that submissest of all French pupils, Victor Hugo, made an address of welcome. When, three months later, La Bretagne sailed from Havre, Miss Blank and her pupils salled on her, and Paul de Marceau came to bid them goodbye.

"When you see Miss Ray," he said parting, "tell her I should ask for me, tell her I send her my compliments. But do not let her know what my life here is, or my position. Should she one day care for me, eat must be for my self alone. Tell her, my friend, that I could make her happy, and that I could earn my bread and hers, but nothing more. I had your promise!"

"You have," answered Miss Blank, earnestly, "I will say no more. And now, goodby."

Upon reaching New York, Miss Blank, having been relieved by parents and friends of the responsibility of her six summer charges, hastened to spend one night with her friend, Mrs. Barber, and to see Frances Ray.

She found the girl in a deplorable condition, sad and listless—in short, in love.

And finally, when they were alone, kneeling by Miss Blank's side, her face hidden in her hands, her eyes tearfully bright, Frances Ray confessed her love for Paul de Marceau. It was the "old story," that she told between her robes; he had loved her, and she had scorned his love—had sent him from her, despising him. And now, when it was too late, the proud heart turned and sought its master in vain.

"Ho will not come back," she whispered, huskily; "I told him it would be useless to do so. But oh, Miss Blank, I want him! I want him so much!"

Miss Blank tried to comfort her. The love was mutual, she assured the weeping girl, for her had told her all. He was a gentleman, and could support her and make her happy.

But Frances Ray refused to be comforted. It was all her own fault, she said to herself; and day by day she passed in hoping almost against hope, in mourning unceasingly for the beyond days, while even her prayers seemed unavailing.

Six weeks later Miss Blank saw among the arrivals from Europe the name of "Paul de Marceau."

Soon after, having business in New York, Miss Blank called again upon Mrs. Barber, but was informed by the lordly butler, after waiting for some minutes, that "Miss Barber begged to be excused, and Miss Ray as well. The ladies could not see Miss Blank that afternoon."

Grieved beyond measure at this extraordinary message, but seeking no explanation from the servant, Miss Blank left the house, and hastened to the hotel where M. de Marceau usually stopped.

She was ushered into a reception room, she distinctly heard de Marceau's voice:

"Tell to lady I am not at home," he said, and, without waiting for the maid to return, Miss Blank walked out of the room and out of the hotel.

"I don't understand them all," the good lady muttered to herself, as she hurried down the crowded street; "but my conscience is clear at any rate, so I won't let it worry me."

One month from that time Miss Blank read in the paper an account of the late Mr. James Ray of New York, to Mr. Paul de Marceau of Paris, at Grace Church, New York.

And she had received no word of invitation or announcement!

Five years passed slowly and uneventfully to Miss Blank, still with her school in Connecticut, when one morning in early May a servant brought her a visitor's card.

It was easily edged in mounting and bore the name: "Mme de Marceau," N.Y.O. Picayune.

We hope you never will have a worse life than this.

It is terrible, unless you are a Redding's *Patent Safety*.

She turned and, flinging her arms around her teacher's neck, declared that they would go.

Accordingly that evening found them

prize, and hastened to the door of her room. Then an ugly little frown puckered her brow, and she stood still to think. A moment later a smile chased away the frown, and hurrying down the broad stairway, Miss Blank entered the drawing room. A pale-faced woman rose to meet her. There was a long, silent embrace, then:

"It was good of you to see me, very good!" Miss de Marceau murmured, as they seated themselves side by side on the soft sofa near the open window. "My poor child! Miss Blank said gently, "how ill you look! How changed! And this morning, dear, it is for."

She broke off abruptly, almost frightened by the look on the younger woman's face.

"It is for auntie," she finished; "she died a week ago, and I arrived home in time to hear all, and have come to ask your forgiveness."

"Dear child, I can forgive and forget, now that I have you back with me. But poor Evelyn, how end, how sad!" murmured Miss Blank, wiping away a tear, shed for the friend of her childhood.

"All I can tell you, without laying blame on one who—has been—very dear to me." Frances Ray continued, "is this: you were cruelly wronged. After your return from Europe, when I was wearing out my energy and strength longing for the man I loved, they—uncle and uncle—sent for him secretly. He came as you know, and we were married. They told him to make it seem to him that they had wanted him from the first, that it was your fault that they had not sent before. They told him that you had said he was not a suitable husband for a girl in my position."

Auntie told me at the end, and graved my forgiveness. Paul and I never spoke of it during our married life; so I never knew of the cruel deception of which they made you the author. My husband is wealthy, and a great statesman now, but, Miss Blank, I come to you with my little ones for shelter. I have obtained a divorce from M. de Marceau for desertion and non support and have come home to America at auntie's request—to find her dying. Will you let us stay with you, my children and I, and I will pay for my board at last," she added, with a little weary smile. "I did not find my professor as severe when we were man and wife."

"You shall stay with me as long as I live. How happy you will make me! And the dear children, when will they come?" Miss Blank exclaimed delightedly.

"I brought them with me," Mme. de Marceau said, rising deliberately, and, walking to a door which opened into a smaller reception room, "Paul! Diane! Come and see Aunt Elizabeth. Here she is!"

Together they advanced towards the delighted old lady, hand in hand, a handsome boy of nearly four and a toddling baby girl of two summers.

"Oh, you darlings!" Miss Blank cried, catching them, first one and then the other, in her arms, and kissing them almost fiercely. "Yes, I am your old auntie, and you must never leave me again. Frances," turning to the mother, who stood watching the little group with tear-dimmed eyes, "we need never mention the past, dear. The present is happiness enough for me; I shall make yours in the future." [Marianne Weir, in the New York Home Journal.]

A Faithful Sontry.

The foundation of military discipline is unquestioning obedience, and no punishment can be more severely visited on a soldier, for obeying any order, however absurd.

In one of these institutions the superintendent is a zealous disciplinarian, and that is how he got into trouble. One day one of the pupils was doing guard duty at the outer gate when the superintendent entered. The sentry saluted and let him pass. Instantly the superintendent turned on his heel and demanded to know why he was not challenged. "No matter," said the man, severely, "you must challenge everybody—it is your duty." "Very well," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his musket and bringing it to a charge, "I challenge you. Give the countersign, sir!" Then it flashed on the zealous superintendent that he didn't know the password and he tried to explain the matter; but the sentry would listen to no excuse. "Stand there!" ordered the sturdy, sternly. Just then the porter made his appearance. "Young man," said he in amazement, "don't you know the superintendent?" Instantly the sentry turned on him, and cried, "Give the countersign!" Of course the porter didn't know it so he had to stand up with the superintendent, and there they both stood, looking and feeling very foolish, until the young officer of the day saw their predicament and relieved them. The sentry should have been promoted but quite likely was not even thanked.—Atlanta Constitution.

At length, towards the end of the year, unwilling to bear the disgrace of not being standing in this one study, Frances Ray implored Miss Blank, with a burst of tears, to allow her to discontinue her lessons in French. And Miss Blank, touched by her favorite's grief, drew the lovely head to her, and, kissing the tear-stained face, granted her request.

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## Miscellaneous.

R. W. CURRY,  
Contractor & Builder.

## JOBBING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.  
Estimates given on all work when desired.

CARPENTER SHOP—71 MILL STREET  
RESIDENCE—HOFFMAN PLACE.

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.  
OF EAST BERLIN, CONN.

—Can Tell You a—  
GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF  
For 2 1/2c. per Sq. foot.  
4-7 Write for Particulars.

## HERBS.

All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on sale at the

Enterprise Store,  
No. 64 Thames St.,

In quantities from one ounce upwards, any not in stock will be procured at short notice.

N. B.—These have been selected with great care by experienced herbologists, and all warranted.

B. W. PEARCE.

John B. DeBlois & Son,

## Broadway Market.

## MEATS

(and;

## Groceries,

Poultry,

Game,

Vegetables,

Fruits

and

Canned Goods.

No. 2 BROADWAY,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Quinine Whiskey

Prevents and Cures a Cold.

Greatest tonic known. Sold in all the principal saloons in Newport.

T. J. LYON, Agent.

## PIANOS

TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to be  
seen from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER

CREAM WOKE AND LAID, AT

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs.

John Rogers,

210 THAMES ST.

The Best is the Cheapest!

The Diamond C

HAMS,

SHOULDERS,

AND

BACON

Assured from R. J.  
Port & Corn Co.,  
Smoked and are  
the Best.

For Sale at

COGGESEHALL'S MARKET,

2 & 4 Washington Square, and 130

Thames Street.

## Printing

OF EVERY

## KIND

Do not let me tell you, in the best manner.

At the lowest prices, at the time.

Mercury Office,

182 THAMES ST.

## Furniture.

## OLD OAK

## Chamber Set,

## Wire Springs

AND

## SOFT TOP MATTRESS,

for \$25.00,

AT—

## BRYER'S.

## JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DEALER IN

## FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

## Furnishing Undertaker.

## CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &amp;c.,

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

## 16 Franklin St., Newport, R. I.

Residence. No. 1 School St.

IF YOU WANT

## FURNITURE, CARPETS,

MATTINGS, RUGS, WINDOW SHADES,

FURNITURE

Repaired, Re-covered or

MATTRESSES made over for

LOWEST PRICES,

GO TO

## J. W. HORTON &amp; CO.,

42 CHURCH STREET,

J. W. HORTON. F. A. WARD.

## New Carpets

Light and Airy—Roots and Beds of Straw  
In Winter.

A writer in The Poultry Herald says

that he put 50 chickens in a small green-

house which he had used for growing

lettuce, etc., and 50 in a house on

purpose to use as a brooding house. All

were from one batch and alike in all

respects. At the end of three months he

had 49 chickens in the greenhouse and

sold them all at \$1.25 a pair. In the

brooding house he had 18 chickens and

could only select three of them to fit

well among the others. He gave the light

and air credit for the difference and

says that in a place where he could not

grow edible lettuce, or where the plants

grew tall, spindly and were not well

colored, he should consider it folly to

try to raise chickens.

The lack of sufficient light may be the

great cause why many fail to succeed

well in raising their chickens in a brood-

er.

The plan of removing the roots from the

greenhouse during the winter and

giving the fowl beds of straw in which to

sit up the ground seems to be finding

favor with some writers upon poultry

subjects. We admit the greater

warmth, but not the claim of purer air

there, which is made by those who ad-

ocate this plan. With us the cold air

does not come in near the ground, but

passes in near the top, drops down to

the floor by its greater weight, and as

it becomes warmed rises again to pass

at the other end.

The purer air is usually a little above

the floor, the floor being continually

giving off some impurity from the drop-

ings, but the greatest objections to the

straw plan is that in a section where

straw is not plenty many would not

change it often enough or use enough of

it. Indeed we doubt if those who had

straw to burn would take sufficient care

in changing it. We shall keep to our

roots about two feet from the floor.

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straw is not plenty many would not

change it often enough or use enough of

it. Indeed we doubt if those who had

straw to burn would take sufficient care

in changing it. We shall keep to our

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## LITTLE COMPTON.

Miss Josephine Summers was married Wednesday noon at the M. E. church to Basyard W. Manchester of Westport.

At the Little Compton town meeting the officers elected for the ensuing year were:

Town Clerk—John T. Cook.

Town Treasurer and Overseer of the Poor—C. Brownell; J. Samuel H. Gray; S.

William G. Wilbur; J. John A. Beards;

Fredk B. Gifford.

Town Treasurer—Benjamin F. Wilbur.

Collector of Taxes—Benjamin F. Wilbur.

Town Clerk—Albert G. Wilbur.

Assessor of Taxes—Benjamin F. Pierce, H. W. Wm.

Boor, John H. Tompkins.

Assessor of Taxes—George H. Peckham,

John H. Tompkins; Albert Peckham.

Postmaster—Albert Peckham.

Auditor of State Auditor's Accounts—F.

J. Brown, F. W. C. Alroy.

Newport County Pomona Grange met at Little Compton Grange No. 4 Tuesday. The two granges were represented, eighty seven members being present. The meeting was opened at 11:30 A. M. Benjamin F. Wilbur, worthy master of Little Compton Grange giving the address of welcome which was responded to by Nathaniel Peckham of Middletown. Six applications for membership were received and ten candidates took the fifth degree. Resolutions on the death of Seth A. Potter were received and adopted.

It was voted that the Pomona Grange should meet on the third Tuesday in every second month instead of

the second Tuesday as formerly and upon the same condition as regards to the weather. A short entertainment was given by some of the members of Little Compton grange, which was appreciated. Meems Nathaniel Peckham and Frank Peckham of Middle town entertained with a violin and cornet duet.

A motion was made that Pomona Grange No. 4, meet with all the granges

in the state at Southwick's Grove, Field

Aug. 6th. It was voted that the next meeting of the Newport county

Pomona Grange be with Compton

Grange, Jamestown, Aug. 20th.

A vote of thanks was given to the

members of Little Compton Grange for

the cordial reception and the beautiful

refreshments provided.

Nathaniel Peckham and others made

remarks for the good of the order.

A little girl was overheard talking to

her doll, whose tiny hand came out, ex-

posing the reddest stuffing. "You

dear, got an obedient doll?" I know I

had told you to chew your food fine,

but I didn't think you would chew it

so fine as that."

Professor—Johnie, did Willie Jones

leave the room? Johnie (smart boy)

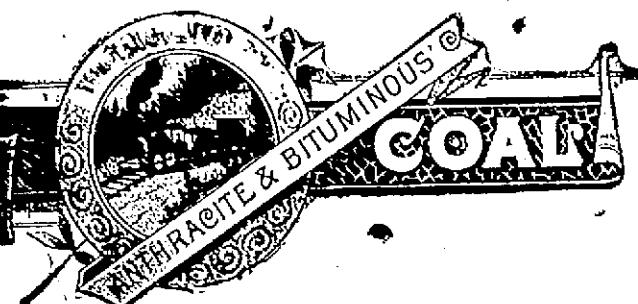
—Yes, sir. Did yer 'spose he took it

with him?

If you want to do something, find one who

believes something.

## PINNIGER &amp; MANCHESTER.



BEST QUALITY. LOWEST MARKET RATES.

Perry Mill Wharf, 341 Thames St.

## SPECIAL

## SHOWING

—OR—

## \*WASHABLE SUITS\*

—FOR—

## Children's Wear.

This season we have endeavored to surpass all previous efforts and produce an assortment of WASHABLE SUITS, the equal of which has never been seen in this city. We have now (and will have more later) over 25 styles of WASH SUITS in stock, and in all the summer colors.

Mothers are earnestly requested to give this their attention, and we assure them the time spent in looking will not be wasted, and the same undivided attention will be shown whether wishing to purchase then or later.

Goods sent on approval (excepting Saturdays), and care taken to see that our garments are perfect fitting.

## Newport One Price Clothing Co.

## WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The New Cabinet Appointments—Comments of the Ex-Congressman from Indiana—Mr. Whitney's Candidacy—Kentucky Politics.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON June 10, 1895.

The one thing not surprising about Mr. Cleveland's selection of Mr. Judson Harmon, of Ohio, to be Attorney-General in place of Mr. Olney, who has been made Secretary of State, is that Mr. Harmon is a corporation lawyer. Mr. Cleveland has made considerable money as a corporation lawyer himself, and he doubtless expects to remain in this occupation after March 4th, 1897, which accounts, in a measure, for his partiality for corporation lawyers. It is understood that one of Mr. Cleveland's objects in taking Mr. Harmon into the cabinet is the hope of placating Senator Brie, who has not been friendly toward the administration since the last fight in the Senate.

The Cuckoo democrats praise the new appointments, but ex-Senator George C. of Indiana, as anti-Cleveland democrat, voiced the opinion of many democrats when he said of them: "Both appointments are characteristic of the President. One is the promotion of the most unpopular man in the cabinet, and the other the exaltation of a comparatively obscure attorney to one of the most important offices in the country. It goes without saying that there will be no chance in the conduct of either the State Department or the Attorney-General's office. Possibly, in the absence of the President, the individuality of Mr. Olney may make it less manifest, as did that of Secretary Gresham in the Administration, while the President was still living. But it may be expected that trusts will thrive and juries will know without in the least difficulty the complicity of the administration, which, of course, distinctly and unequivocally means President Cleveland."

After all the perplexity of the cabinet means nothing, as far as many clerks to carry out Mr. Cleveland's orders.

The big democratic majority to make the public realize that ex-Secretary Whitney is passing his cards, not as an assistant to Mr. Cleveland, but as an independent candidate for the democratic presidential nomination.

Eren Senator Smith, of New Jersey, who was Senator Gorman's lieutenant in all the policy made upon the administration

policy during the last session of con-

gress, was of the opinion that ex-Secretary

Whitney is passing his cards, not as an

assistant to Mr. Cleveland, but as an

independent candidate for the demo-

cratic presidential nomination.

Eren Senator Smith, of New Jersey, who was

Senator Gorman's lieutenant in all the

policy made upon the administration

policy during the last session of con-

gress to do it will not hesitate.

J. B.

## PORTSMOUTH

The Town Council and Court of Probate held its regular monthly session on Monday afternoon in the Town Hall, with all the members present.

PROTHANE BUSINESS.—Miss Charlotte Sherman, executrix of the will of Sarah A. Sherman, was received and referred to the second Monday in July next.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Burks was appointed administratrix on the estate of Bertha Sumner, and gave bond in the sum of \$1000, with Cutby O. Mitchell and Constant C. Chase, sureties, and John W. Eldredge, David E. Hall and William H. Glazo, appraisers of the estate.

The last will and testament of Harriet A. Hall was proved, approved and ordered recorded, and Robert D. Hall was appointed executor and qualified by giving bond in the sum of \$15,000, with Edward F. Dyer and Henry Anthony, sureties; appraisers, Phillip R. Chase, Abner B. Cory and Edward F. Dyer.

The first account of Wm. H. Gifford, administrator on the estate of Ann Linn, was allowed and ordered recorded.

COUSINS' BUSINESS.—The report of the commissioners of the Portsmouth Grove Grove, 3rd was received and ordered recorded. Bids for the construction of the new road were opened, as follows: Charles H. Dyer, \$1,400; Benjamin Hall Jr., \$9,000; tendered to be done for twenty-six cents a running foot, G. C. Luther of Swansboro, \$9,000; the fence to be built for twenty-five cents a running foot; James Corrigan, \$600, including all the work called for.

The town clerk's bond was accepted and placed on file in the town treasurer's office.

Lorenzo D. Tallman was appointed auctioneer for the balance of the unusual year.

Councilman W. S. Sisson was appointed to procure a proper deed of the land to be taken from Lincoln Hall for a part of the highway from the West Main road to Portsmouth Grove

Briggs.

The sum of \$25, was appropriated

that Jacob Marz may build a bridge on Middle road, and near Wm. M. Manchester's windmill.

The town clerk was authorized to

give Elibridge J. Stoddard an order for \$200, on the arrival of the new safe

at Bristol Forty.

The vote taken at a former session relative to letting the town hall for dances and dancing schools was re-considered.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid, viz: of Lorenzo D. Tallman, for repairs of roads in District No. 1, \$114.10; of Colby C. Mitchell, for repairs of roads in District No. 8, \$101.51; of Charles H. Dyer, District No. 10, \$29.30; of N. Horace Peckham, for blinds for town hall, \$5.50; of Solomon Gardner for labor on Black Point avenue, \$137.15; of Dr. M. A. Steele, for medical and visits to town asylum, \$7.63; of Wm. T. Harvey for assistance to out-side poor for five weeks and supplies for town hall, \$11.40; of T. T. Philman, of Newport, for advertising for proposals for building the Portsmouth Grove road, \$5.95; of Winfield S. Sisson, for one special and one regular council, \$5.60; of Benjamin F. C. Lloyd, for services of commissioners in laying out the Portsmouth Grove road, \$15.

A Backward Boy.

Green Gates—"Is your son doing

well at college?"

Haley Putnam—"Not as well as I

expected; he's only playing center

field."

His Escapade.

Smythe—"She wasn't sure which she

liked better, Jones or me, but she gave

me the benefit of the doubt."

Biffs—"And made you happy?"

Smythe—"Yes; they have been mar-

ried more than a year now."—Puck.

—

Gomez—"I say, was it you who

recommended that cook to my wife?"

Perez—"I believe so."—Gomez.

"Then I should like you to come and

have supper with us tonight."

Blinks—Magnificent library you have!

Winks—Yes. When I think of the pile

of money I've sunk in those books it

makes me feel quite intellectual.

—

Some men can take new furniture

and make it look as if it was made a

century ago," says a journalist. So can

some children.

—

Captain John E. Connors, of Fall River, commander of the steamer Mount Hope, has resigned his position.

Ethel—Do you allow Charles to kiss

you when you are not engaged to him?

Maud—It isn't an allowance. He calls it a prerequisite.

—

"Some men can take new furniture

and make it look as if it was made a

century ago," says a journalist. So can

some children.

—

W. P. CLARKE,

Newport's Oldest Newsdealer.

—

53—Mail orders attended to without delay.

—

PARIS GREEN,

MADE UNDER NEW PROCESS FOR 30 CENTS PER POUND

SEE IT, see the size of package, it is 17 per cent more soluble in water, adheres to the vines; it has 25 per cent more bulk while it is

stronger, active power and is guaranteed to kill, will work in a gas or plaster.

Powdered Bordeaux Mixture or Fungicide, Cylcide Gas. Get one easily.

We expect to arrive to day 50 LEGGETT GUNS, place your order now. The wild demand keeps the factory working day and night.

Do you want to save a dollar or two? to buy your HAVING TOOLS at, we will do you good. Tiger, N. Y. Champion, Dodd & Son

other makes, from \$17 up. Woods & Adriance Mowers, each all others.

</div